

# Sewer Boys

*Suburban Tales of Derry -*  
III

natsumii

## Sewer Boys by natsumii

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**Summary:**

The boys run wild on Halloween night.

## Sewer Boys

1988

Have you ever been in a room filled with people and realized you were the only one who was real?

Patrick felt like that all the time.

There's nobody present inside everyone. They were all walking, talking, breathing meat bags.

He looks into the faces of his parents, his friends, strangers on the street and all he sees are empty T.V eyes staring back at him. They smile because they're happy and they cry because they're sad but it's not real. They're just like T.V's, flipping through channels, portraying emotions that. Are. Not. Real.

Patrick could hurt them and it won't make a single fuck of a difference. Everyone was fake and the consequences of his actions are fake too. He knows this yet somehow, the rules still apply. He gets caught doing naughty things, he gets punished; he loses the game, no matter how fake it is.

Maybe if he thinks real hard, change his perception, he can change the rules of the game.

Every time he tries, things stay the same. Whatever philosophical epiphany he needed always eludes him. It was annoying but he knew one day things will just *click* and then he could shape the world into his own view.

For now, he plays along. He entertains the idea that the people around him are thinking, living beings but he knows the truth:

The world didn't exist until he was born.

[image]

After school, Henry enters his house quietly. He stops at the entrance, peers around and spots his old man snoring in the old reclining chair, their crappy antenna T.V left on, on some weird children's show. He hesitates for a second before creeping towards his dad. Gentleness was never his forte but he sure did a banging job slipping the half empty bottle from his father's slack fingers. There's some of Rena's baked beans still in the fridge from last night which he takes up to his room to eat.

When he's done, he glances at the clock. There's still a long ways to go before Belch gets off work.

Henry looked around his room. Nothing to do, nothing to do...

The edge of a book shoved against one of the corners of his room poked out from underneath a pile of dirty laundry, catching his eye.

*"It's just one assignment i'm giving you Henry. I don't care if you don't finish it, at least turn something in."* His math teacher's voice bounced around his head.

Easy shit. He can do that.

The teen fishes the textbook free and sits at a desk he doesn't use very often. He manages to find a blank piece of paper, a bit crumpled but he could care less about that, and holds a pencil confidently in his hand as he opens the book and flips the pages towards the homework.

When he gets a good look at the page, something in his brain shuts off. One look at those confusing numbers brings a searing anger that cuts through his chest.

He can't do this shit. What was this, anyways? Because he was pretty fucking sure the teacher didn't go over this in class. It was all that stupid fucker's fault. What's the point in going to school if they don't teach you anything?

*"You're a fucking idiot. You think you can do this shit? You can't even count to ten. You are stupid. I can't believe you're my son."*

The pencil goes flying into the air. The paper is torn to shreds. He has this uncontrollable urge to chuck the book against the wall but fear stops him. Mr. Bowers didn't like to be rudely awakened.

The memory of what happened last time still haunts Henry.

So instead he throws himself on the bed and jerks off.

*He is an idiot, anyways,* Henry thinks to himself. *Just some stupid hick.*

It's fast and rough, and there's really no pleasure in the act but it's something to do. Something to release this pent-up anger inside of him and when he finishes it is less than satisfactory but then again, at least it was something to do.

He curls into the bed and thinks of all the times his old man beat him. replays the memory of when he woke up his dad and classic old dad smashed a beer bottle against his face. Strangely enough, there's this hollow ache in Henry's chest and he doesn't cry this time.

*Good,* he thinks. That just meant he was getting stronger. In a morbid way, Henry was proud of himself. *Fuck his dad. He can't hurt him anymore. Won't make him feel like a piece of shit afterwards like used trash.*

He takes a nap and when he wakes up he decides it is time to go. Better to be out there with nothing to do rather than be here in this shit hole for one more second.

When Henry stands in front of the mirror, he sees a pathetic *weak* boy staring back. He hates what he sees.

There was nothing special about Henry Bowers.

*And nobody cares.*

*So fuck 'em all.*

When Henry puts on the hockey mask, what stares back at him is a dangerous stranger with a pocket knife.

Henry's not a little kid anymore but he still dresses up. The mask was

cliche maybe but he likes how it looks on him and he likes how it makes him feel. He feels big and scary. Intimidating.

People *should* fear him. They don't know what he is capable of. No one truly knows what he is capable of until it will be too late. Everyone underestimates him, think he's some stupid loser, but that will be their mistake one day. He'll show them.

He will prove to them he's not just some stupid kid. He's bigger than their image of him.

He's more than some paper man.

Henry barely turned the knob to the front door when he hears his father's voice.

"Now hold on." There's a heavy pause in the air and Henry's nervousness grew after each second that ticked by waiting for his old man to say something. "Come here, boy." His father gets a good look at his son, scrutinizing the boy with squinting dark eyes, like he was looking at something unpleasant to the eye. "You going out with 'yer friends?"

"Yeah."

The old man grunts and stares at Henry until the boy looks away and as if that were some kind of signal or sign, his dad gets up and Henry hates that the first instinct in his body was to run. His old man goes to tower over the boy, invading his space like he owned it.

Henry flinches when he sees the first sign of movement from those hard hands. His chest clenches when he realizes a little too late that his father wasn't going to hit him.

Henry showed fear. Weakness. That was mistake and when he looks into his father's eyes he knew his old man knew it too.

His dad sneers in contempt and points a finger at him. "Now you listen here boy and you listen closely. I don't want no slick of trouble from you boys. Tonight's Halloween and I'm working the graveyard shift so I better not find myself wasting my time bustin' whatever bullshit you and your friends do tonight, you hear me?"

"I hear ya." Henry mumbled, unable to look him in the eye.

His dad cups a hand to his hear in a display of over-exaggerated mockery. "What was that? I can't hear anything you're saying. Take off that stupid mask. C'mon, speak up boy and look me in the eye when you do like a real man does."

It takes every inch of Henry's will power to meet his dad's eye. "I hear ya."

"That'd be much better. None of that pansy ass shit."

Henry feels like he can breath again when his father goes back to sit down. He kicks his feet on the table and cracks open a cold one and flips the channel. That was usually the unspoken permission for Henry to leave but he hesitates (always does) to allow enough time to confirm that he was, indeed, allowed to leave. There was nothing worse than making his dad mad when he thinks his son was walking away from him as a sign of disrespect.

That was just one of the little triggers Henry knew would set his father off. Sometimes, he swears they were just excuses for his old man to find so he can justify beating Henry because it's been awhile since he has slipped up or done something wrong to garner his father's punishments.

Henry has gotten pretty good at avoiding those triggers.

Guess he can learn some things.

[image]

The Weekly Shopper, or what Henry likes to call the *Weekly Shopper Crap* was a small town grocery market. Belch held no strong opinion of the store; he didn't like it yet he didn't dislike it. It was just a part-time job that helps to pay the bills when his single-mother struggled to make ends meet.

So again, he didn't like or dislike his job. Yeah it sucked because working in general sucked but the pay was good and he was usually left alone to do his own thing. Since he was a big guy, most of his shifts were spent in the back receiving new shipments from the Tracker Brothers and offloading them from the trucks and putting them on the right pallets for him to stock later. So yeah, not too bad.

There was also one more upside to having this job...

Belch was stocking rice bags when he heard a *ding*, signalling someone had entered the store. He didn't pay much attention, none of his business anyways. He was so absorbed in his monotonous work that he didn't notice someone was standing beside him.

"Hey, Reggie." A sweet voice said.

Belch shoved the bag he was carrying into the shelf and stood to his full height. Many people would have found that highly intimidating and it didn't help that his face had that mean look to it, but not many people were Megan.

Sweet, sunshine hair Megan was his co-worker and if it wasn't obvious already, Belch had a puppy-dog crush on her. Ever since he started working there, she has always been nice to him even though her friends would think him a brute, which in some instances they were right.

"I hope you don't mind but I'm clocking out twenty minutes early." Laughter erupted from the cashier area. They both turned to see Megan's friends playing with the toys at front. "Sorry about them." She said shaking her head with a small little smile. "Can you man the front for me until the next person comes in? Pretty please? With a cherry on top?"

She looks so innocently hopeful that it makes Belch smile. Didn't she know he would do anything for her?

"Yeah, no problem."

Megan squealed and threw her arms around him, having to tip-toe because of his height. "Thanks, Reggie! You're the best." She said with



a bright smile that did funny things to his stomach. It felt like a burp but something more. He took his time to watch her scurry off to the break room before finishing stocking the rice and heading to the front.

He paused before stepping behind the counter. Belch was a good worker but there is a reason he always worked in the back. He wasn't exactly... the best at math. Never has been. Or at social interaction but at least for that he could stay quiet. His palms began to sweat when he stood in front of the cashier machine.

*It's only for twenty minutes*, he reminded himself. He can survive for twenty minutes.

Belch waited patiently for his shift to be over while trying to ignore the uneasy feeling in his tummy. He panicked internally when one of the girls from Megan's group of friends bought a gum.

She gave him a dollar. The gum was 35 cents.

They stood there awkwardly as Belch counted slowly in his head how much he was supposed to give back. His face grew hot the longer time passed and when he heard some of the teenage girls giggle quietly all he wanted to do was make a run for it.

"That's okay," The girl said, snatching the gum. "Keep the change."

As they left to explore the store, the girls broke out into loud laughter.

Belch has never wanted for his shift to end so soon as much as he wanted it now.

He kept his face neutral when they came back accompanied with a few boys. "Hey big guy, you mind ringing us up?" One of them, a boy with annoyingly wavy blonde hair and a white teeth smile said, placing liquor bottles on the counter.

Belch stared at the bottles. Then he stared at the teenage boy.

The blonde ruffled his hair, grinning at his friends. "Uh, is there a problem, friend?"

Belch hated him. He knew the kid, went to the same school. He came from one of the richer folks in town. Them with their arrogance think they can do whatever they want just because they had money.

"Steff leave him alone. You know he can't sell you that." Megan reappeared.

"Aw but, I thought we were all friends here." He rested his elbows on the counter and leaned in. "Can't your little buddy hook us up?"

The girls whined in agreement but Megan just shook her head. "No guys, our manager's pretty anal about it. If he get caught he can lose his job." She glanced at Belch and gave him a quick smile.

Megan was so strong. She was sticking up for him against her friends. Belch felt like he could melt right then and there.

"Fine, fine." Steff sniffed and replaced the bottles with a six pack of coke. "I can buy this, right? Don't have to check my ID or anything?"

Belch glared at him while he imputed the cost into the machine. "\$5.94"

"Here you go." Steff said with a gleam in his eye, sliding a twenty over the counter. Belch reached out to grab it but Steff made an obvious fake gasp. "Oh! Hold on a moment. I hope you don't mind but I kinda wanna get rid of all my change. That won't be too much of an issue now would it?"

It took every inch of willpower not to deck one across the rich boy's pretty face. Steff took Belch's silence as a yes.

"Thanks pal." He grinned, dumping a bunch of coins that clattered noisily on the counter.

Belch took one look at all those coins and felt his stomach drop. He took a breath, trying to ease his nerves, and began plucking them up, counting slowly as he went along. His ears burned when they began to giggle again.

"Here, I'll help you." Megan began but a raised hand from Steff cut her off.

"Don't be such a mother-hen Meg. He's a big boy, he can do it himself. Can't you friend? It's just simple math. Even a monkey can do it."

Belch ignored him. He needed to focus on the task at hand but it was so hard to do when Steff was drumming his fingers on the counter.

"Let's go buddy, I ain't got all day here, you know? Hurry it up, will ya?"

Belch closed his eyes and took a big breath and resumed counting.

"Jesus Christ, alright let me help you with that- Oh!" Steff shoved his hand to grab a chunk of coins but instead knocked into Belch's hand, destroying whatever progress he had made. "Oops, my hand must've slipped. My bad." He apologized with a smirk.

"You're being a real asshole you know that?" Megan snapped, her nice personality gone.

"Why the hell do you care? Oh Meg, don't tell me you actually feel sorry the guy." Steff along with the group of rich teenagers laughed.

"I bet she likes him." One of the girls said, "Meggie's got a little crush on big boy Belch."

"Shut up, Vicky." Megan retorted.

"What is it Meg? You won't be my girlfriend but you would stand up for this loser?" Steff waved a hand at Belch. "Wake up, Megan! The guy's dumber than a rock. He's so stupid he can't even count my pocket change."

If Belch didn't need this job as much as he did he swore...

Megan narrowed her eyes and stepped closer to Steff. "God, I am done with you." She hissed and turned to Belch. She reached across the counter and placed a hand on his arm. "I am so sorry Reggie. Thank you for covering for me. I'll see you later."

She was heading to the door when Steff opened his mouth and said, "I get it now. I know why you won't date me. It's because little Megan

likes to get burped on her face while getting fucked! It's probably the only thing that gets you off-!"

One of the girls screamed in fright when Belch lifted Steff off the ground and dragged him onto the counter by the collar of his dress shirt. Steff tried to pry off his hands but his weak, rich fingers were nothing compared to the hard labored ones of the gigantic boy.

"You take that back!" Belch roared, giving Steff a good shake or two. "Take it back!" But Steff was too shocked to move, nevertheless speak. Belch took his silence as a refusal and raised one large fist, pulled back ready to strike.

"No!" He heard Megan cry out. Belch's head snapped in her direction. She was scared, eyes wide as saucers. "Reggie, no!"

Belch froze, caught between the violent urge to bash Steff's pretty face in and listening to Megan.

Steff cleared his throat. "Go ahead, *Belch*." He whispered hoarsely with an ugly sneer. "Do to me what you did to that Philip's kid. Show her what kind of man you truly are."

Images of that summer flashed through Belch's mind. He didn't know why he did it. Maybe because he was angry... so, so angry.

Where did all that anger come from?

The kid only laughed at him but god, oh god did it piss Belch off. It was fine when Henry or Vic laughed at him but anyone else...

"Reggie, please. Let him go." Megan said quietly but firmly. "You need this job. I don't want you to lose it because of me."

It felt like forever but eventually Belch released Steff from his iron grip. It seemed like all the participants in the store let out gasps of relief.

Steff fixed his shirt then his stupid hair. "You're lucky Megan is here or else, I swear to god you and your mom would have been facing lawsuits so far up your ass." He pointed an accusing finger at Belch. "You're nothing but a dumb brute and you're an idiot to think she will

ever like you." With that, he threw on his shades and stormed out of the store, the group of teenagers all except for Megan followed him out.

Megan stood hugging herself, staring at Belch with wide eyes.

Belch wanted to say something- anything, maybe an apology but he couldn't seem to find the courage to speak up.

Instead he watches her open her mouth to say something, closes it, and walks out of the store.

There were no words to describe the feeling he had when he watched her walk away. Belch wanted nothing more than to smash his fist on the counter, rip off the cashier machine and throw it against the wall hard enough to break it into pieces. That would have been satisfying but... he really does need this job.

So instead he fumes for the rest of his shift, trying yet failing to erase the image of fear reflected in Megan's pretty eyes.

[image]

"Victor! Your friend is here." Vic heard his mother call from downstairs. He taps the pencil on the desk and jots down the answer to one of the homework problem before leaving his room. He bounded down the stairs and when he reached the bottom, he was greeted to the sight of Henry Bowers standing in the living room, munching on one of his mother's cookies.

"Hey, come on." Vic greets and waves Henry over to the stairs.

"Oh, honey the cookies just finished." His mother said, popping around the corner and offering them a plate of freshly baked cookies.

"No, it's okay Mom." Vic replied in an exasperated voice, internally embarrassed with the way his mom was treating him like a little boy in front of his friend.

She huffed and turned towards Henry with a sweet smile. "Would you like some more Henry, dear?"

"No thank you, ma'am." Henry says calmly, fumbling over his words a little bit.

Vic had to be honest. It was jarring to see Henry Bowers act so... polite. He still remembers that summer fair when Henry held Stuttering Bill under the water. He was sure the kid was going to drown.

Before they entered his room, Vic happened to remember he left his homework out on the desk in display for everyone to see. Panicking internally, he quickened his steps and rushed to slam the book shut with his homework between the pages. He hid it under a pile of MAD comics just in time Henry entered.

Vic tried to relax, appear as casual as possible despite his pounding heart. If his friends had caught him doing homework, especially Henry... They would have thought him a nerd or worse- a loser, like those goody two shoes club. Bad boys like the Bower's gang don't do their homework. If Vic doesn't fit that criteria then he's afraid of what would happen to his position in the group.

If he had to choose, Vic would rather fail a test rather than be on the receiving end of Henry's bullying. Better to be with them than against them, right?

"Uh.. I got Splatterhouse. You wanna play?" Vic suggested, holding up a video game case depicting an overly muscular dude preparing to fight a hideous looking monster.

Henry didn't answer him. The leader of the gang plopped himself on Vic's bed and flipped out his switchblade and began cleaning his nails with it.

*Someone's in a bad mood*, Vic thought to himself, something he would never dare say out loud. Shrugging his shoulders, Vic sat at his desk and booted up the computer.

When it came time to leave, Vic shuffled through his closet and found

his old Halloween mask. Henry stared at him when he saw the Spider-Man mask he was wearing.

"What? It's the only thing I have." Vic said a tad defensively, glad his face was covered to hide his blush. The mask wasn't entirely cool or scary but he hasn't bothered to go costume shopping in forever. He was too old for that, anyways. Whenever he recalled the memories of his younger self dressing up as Batman or pirates he would always cringe.

Henry shoved the knife in his pocket and headed to the door. "Whatever, let's just fucking go."

They headed back down and while on their way to the front door Vic's mother hastily went to wish them goodbye. Vic tried to hurry but she caught them before they could disappear.

"Don't stay out too late, dear." She muttered, fixing her son's hair. "I want you back before it gets too dark."

"Yeah, okay Mom." Vic whined, batting her hand away.

"Stay safe sweetie." She said with a kiss to his cheek which was met with disdain. He tried his best not to flush with embarrassment when he noticed Henry staring at them, his face oddly neutral.

God, was Henry lucky. He didn't have to deal with an over-bearing mom like Vic does. Sometimes, Vic wished he had Henry's life. No cheesy stupid parents bothering him all the time. Henry's dad wasn't perfect, intimidating sometimes, but the guy lets them drink beer! And he was a freaking cop. Vic wished his parents were more like that but no, they always have to be so uptight all the time.

Henry was still giving Vic odd looks as they stepped outside.

"What?" Vic asked, closing the door behind them.

"Nothing," The mullet haired kid snapped, "What the fuck is your problem?"

Vic raised his hands, "Nothing! Jeez, Henry calm down. I didn't mean anything by it. I was just asking."

"Stop fucking asking questions then." Henry snarled and stalked off down the sidewalk. A group of children in costumes scattered from the boy's path like a flock of birds.

Vic sighed. *Really bad mood.*

This Halloween should be interesting...

It was a long walk to Belch's work. Normally they wouldn't have to walk anywhere in Derry but considering Belch was the only one who knew how to drive and had a car, they were stuck doing things the old-fashioned way.

The Weekly Shopper or the *Weekly Shopper Crap*, an original if juvenile name created by Henry, came into view. They headed to the entrance just as a bunch of fellow classmates came out. Unfortunately, one of them was rich kid Steff.

When that arrogant bastard caught sight of them, he smirked a smug smirk. "Hello, Bowers. What are you supposed to be? A serial killer? Not too far from the truth I suppose."

"Fuck off." Henry retorted coldly, not deigning to give Steff a bigger response.

"Oooh, sensitive, sensitive." The rich kid mocked.

Surprisingly, Henry didn't explode and beat the living shit out of Steff. Instead, he flipped him off and continued his path towards the door. That was an amazing display of self-control, and this was coming from Henry Bowers.

"Hi Henry," Vicky purred, trailing a finger across Henry's chest. She winked at Vic when she passed by. He couldn't help but glance back to get a glimpse of her ass. Sure she may be a tease, and she and Henry may have this on and off thing going, but what Vic wouldn't do to get a piece of that. He hears rumors from the other boys she's easy. Maybe someday he'll get a chance.

Vic said a quick hello to Megan, a good acquaintance in one of his classes. Arms wrapped around herself and eyes downcast, she mumbled something, maybe a hello back.



Belch was slumped over the cashier counter, glaring at a bunch of coins like they had just killed his mother or something.

"Belch, is it good?" Henry asks.

"Yeah, my manager's not here." The taller boy grunted, nodding his head at Vic in greeting.

Vic trailed behind Henry as they headed towards the alcohol aisle. No matter how many times they've done this, Vic can't help but feel nervous. He was always scared they'll get caught one day.

There's a spot where the angles of the camera could not reach. One would of had to work there a long time to know about it.

Henry snatches a few bottles and turns to Vic. "Open your pants."

Vic frowned, "What? Come on Henry, I did it last time."

"And you're gonna do it *again*. Quit being a fucking pussy."

"I'm not a fucking pussy." Vic grumbled as he shoved the bottles down his cargo pants.

They left the store immediately after that and went to wait by Belch's car till their friend clocked out. When Belch came out of the store, Henry slid off the hood of the car and said, "You got the things?"

"It's in the backseat." Belch replied.

"Alright, masks on." Henry ordered, putting on a creepy hockey mask. Vic slipped his mask on while Belch's head disappeared underneath the mask of an angry gorilla. Henry nodded in approval. "Let's go terrorize some fucking kids."

It became a kind of tradition for them. In the beginning, they would do it for fun but now, it wouldn't feel like Halloween if they didn't scare the living shit out of kid or two. The Bower's gang drove around Derry like a prowling predator hunting prey, attacking trick-or-treaters with water guns loaded with fake blood. Vic found it crudely

funny when the little brats screamed in terror, crying to their mommies and daddies about their ruined costumes.

They smashed all the pumpkins in sight and destroyed people's Halloween decorations for the hell of it. It was fun and exhilarating doing bad stuff but after a few hours even that got kinda boring.

There was only one thing that could spice up the day...

They were driving slow, hoping to catch their next unsuspecting victim. They turned a corner and spotted a lone boy walking along the side of the road. The kid wasn't wearing a costume, which Vic found strange but ultimately unimportant in the grand scheme of things. The boy turned around when they came closer; probably heard the sound of a car coming.

"Hey, it's the stutterer." Vic said, perking up in excitement.

Henry sneered, "If there's one sheep then the rest of the flock are close behind. Let's go get 'em."

As if the kid had heard them, the stutterer- *Bill*, Vic thinks his name was, dashed across the road. Something metal flashed from the boy's hand before it disappeared into the kid's jacket.

Vic squinted. Was that a... *gun*?

Henry banged his fist against the dashboard. "Shit! Come on, let's go catch the fucker!"

They climbed out of the car and took chase, whooping and hollering.

"The little shit's fast!" Henry yelled, grinning from ear to ear.

And indeed he was. The kid almost gave them the slip once or twice. Vic didn't recall the stutterer being *this* resourceful. They were heading towards the outskirts of the town now, further away from civilization and people. The kid ran down an off beaten track that lead to the railroad tracks in the woods. As expected, Bill took a sharp right and ran along the railroad tracks, Henry and his gang hot on his heels.

There was a brief moment when Vic and the rest of the gang lost sight of Bill. They turned around the corner next and caught sight of him again, this time walking with the rest of his loser friends.

The two groups of kids froze when they saw each other.

"Oh shit..." The glasses wearing nerd breathed.

It wasn't rocket science. Bullies sees losers; losers sees bullies.

Losers run away from bullies.

*They found the jackpot now!* Vic thought gleefully as he, Henry and Belch chased after their favorite kids to torture. The Bower's gang laughed when the smallest of the kids screamed shrilly in fear.

Vic didn't know for how long or how far they ran after those losers. It wasn't until he began to recognize the area around them did Vic shake his head at the stupidity of these kids. Those idiots... they were heading directly towards the Bower's Gang's hangout: the junkyard.

The junkyard was a large piece of land where beaten up cars get dumped in, as well as other random assortments. Since it was so big and had twisty paths, it was easy to get lost in there unless you didn't know the place well.

It won't be long now. Vic and his friends spent all their time here. They'll catch those losers in no time.

But it seems someone else beat them to it.

When they finally caught up to Bill and his friends, they found the glasses wearing kid- Richie, sprawled on the floor before a certain tall teenager that put Vic in a cautious mood.

It was Patrick Hockstetter, and the weird teen was smiling down at Richie, licking his lips like the boy was thanksgiving dinner, making Vic's stomach churn with disgust.

Vic was right whether he liked it or not. This Halloween was getting interesting.

[image]

Patrick smiled, "Found your little kitties, Henry."

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Henry demanded.

"Just minding my own business-" The taller teen broke off into laughter as the losers tried to slip away, only to be stopped by Belch.

Henry sauntered over to them, a sneer on his face. "Well look what we have here. A whiny little bitch-" He said to Eddie, the smallest of the losers. "A fucking Jew-" He spat at Stan. "A virgin nerd-"

Richie fixed his glasses, "Actually, I'm Marty McFly from *Back to the Future*."

"You think I give a shit, you little turd?" Henry growled, jamming a fist into Richie's stomach.

The boy fell to his knees, clutching his belly. "Nope, guess not." He groaned, picking himself off the floor.

Henry turned his attention towards the last loser who was wearing a black suit and a cape. Odd. He could've sworn the kid wasn't wearing a costume when they were chasing him. "And a faggot vu-vu-vampire." On cue, Henry's gang laughed meanly. Henry smirked and got in Bill's face. "Don't you know dressing up is for little kids? God, you guys are more embarrassing than we thought." He plucked the fake fangs from Bill's mouth and still covered with saliva, smeared it across the boy's face.

Patrick stuck out his hand and Henry tossed the fake fangs at him. The taller teen put them in his mouth, licked it and grinned. Weird thing to do, but Henry was far from caring. He did take pause, though, when he barely heard Bill mutter something under his breath.

"What was that?" Henry said menacingly, stalking back to Bill. "You

got something to say? Speak up, boy. If you c-c-can." Bill began to mumble something but Henry interrupted him. "I said speak up! And look me in the eye! Like a real man you pussy faggot!"

Bill's eyes flashed up, catching Henry off guard. They were not filled with terror like Henry thought they would be. Instead, what he saw was determined anger.

"I said g-get it over w-with already!" Bill yelled, his cheeks flushing hot red. "I d-d-don't care what you do anymore. J-just get it over with or-or leave us alone!"

Henry was too shocked to act nor say anything. It seems that Bill's friends were equally as shocked as he was.

"Don't listen to him, Henry!" Richie exclaimed, staring wildly at his friend. "He's suicidal! He doesn't know what he's saying!"

"Yeah, he just lost his little brother." Stan added nervously.

Eddie gripped his own shirt, "Oh god, I think I'm going to have an asthma attack."

Henry finally regained his senses only to be met with a wave of hot anger. How dare the little fucker talk to him that way. He needed to be taught a lesson. "No one talks to me that way." He growled and fisted the collar of Bill's shirt. He paused, waiting to see the fear in the boy's eyes but it never came. Bill only glared back in defiance.

For some reason, that made Henry more mad. Bill *should* be afraid of him! Henry *is* dangerous!

"Henry, man come on. The kid just lost his brother." Vic said hesitantly.

"Shut up!" Henry roared. He *hated* being belittled! Who the fuck gave Vic the right to tell *him* what to do? Henry was going to beat the kid until the only thing he will be able to do is stutter.

"Do it, Henry." Patrick's sleazy voice reached his ears. "Teach him a lesson. He needs to be taught who runs this world."

"What the fuck is your problem?" Vic snaps, "Henry, let's go. They're already scared as it is and they probably shit themselves. We're burning daylight out here and I'm starving."

"You're not just going to let him talk to you like that and get away with it, are you Henry?" Patrick said, grinning slyly, a wicked gleam in his dark eyes.

"Henry, let's go."

"Do it. Make the fucker cry."

*Let's go.*

*Do it!*

*He just lost his brother-*

***He's not scared of you~***

*Let's go, Henry-*

*I like it when they cry-*

***You are nothing but a paper man, boy. Kill them, Henry. Kill them. Show them that they should fear Henry Bowers. Kill them all!***

***LET'S GO, HENRY!***

***DO IT!***

"SHUT UP!" Henry screamed, shaking Bill like a rag doll. "Shut the fuck up! All of you shut the fuck up!" He breathed raggedly, his whole body shaking violently. Henry glared at Bill with pure hatred in his eyes. He wanted- he wanted to smash the boy's face in. *Make him bleed.*

It came as a surprise to everybody, including himself, when Henry shoved Bill away. He turned on his heels, catching a glimpse of Patrick's face. The sick fuck was grinning, as if he was enjoying this whole fiasco.

Henry felt the urge to punch him but he ignored it in favor of storming off.

He wanted to be alone right now.

Fuck everyone else.

This rage inside him, it felt like it was bursting at the flesh of his seams, threatening rip him wide open. Henry needed to do something- *anything* to release this pent up anger building inside him like a bubbling volcano ready to explode and burn everyone that was too close.

He pulled the hockey mask over his face, transforming into someone else- someone better than Henry Bowers. Pathetic, weak, Henry Bowers who couldn't beat up a stutterer because... because a part of him felt *sorry* for the kid.

And he didn't know whether that made him more angry or scared...

He destroyed everything around him, smashing open car windows, kicking down piles of junk. He flipped out his switchblade and jabbed it repeatedly into a rubber tire, wishing it were his dad instead.

*Fuck you!* He screamed inside his head. *Fuck you, you old fucking cunt sucking dick! I hate you! I HATE you!*

Henry seethed with blind rage that he didn't notice Patrick watching him. "What the fuck do *you* want?" He said when he finally spotted the taller teen. He tensed as Patrick sauntered over to him.

He stopped before Henry and slightly bent down so that their faces were on the same level. "I get angry too, sometimes. I find taking my anger out on... *things* helps a lot." He said lowly, a dark gleam in his eyes. "I can show you if you want. I know a place where you can use that knife on things other than tires..."

Henry couldn't believe what he was hearing. Sure he knew Patrick was creepy and weird; it was part of the reason Henry didn't hang out with him often. But this shit? This was beyond being creepy or weird. The implications were disturbing, and Henry was disturbed and rightly so.

"You're sick." He said it in Patrick's face and walked away, running his fingers through his hair. "I need a fucking drink."

[image]

Stupid. Dog.

*Always fucking barking.*

This has been a long time coming.

The dog's steel tag jingled noisily. Patrick tightened the plastic bag over the animal's head, his lips pulling back into a wide horrid grin. He felt its claws scrape his arms but its struggles only fueled his excitement.

Patrick laughed at the way its body flopped around.

"Why are you scared?" He said out loud, genuinely curious, caressing the animal's head. In response, the dog began making high whimpering gasps, its chest rising up and down rapidly. A jolt of pleasure shot straight down into Patrick's groin. He licked his lips, snaking one hand to palm himself over his jeans.

Fuck, he likes it when they make that noise. It almost felt like fucking a girl but better. So, so much better. At least the animals never cried.

Filthy depraved moans escaped Patrick's lips when he finally freed himself. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as the pleasure inside him began to build up. Images of a baby in a crib popped into his mind. So small, so innocent. Sweet pink lips and cute button nose.

Patrick's fingers tightened, imagining a pillow in his hand.

Just like the fucking dog, they are too fucking stupid to comprehend their own end.



He placed the pillow over the baby's face and held it there for a long time-

Patrick's eyes flew open as his orgasm ripped through him. Like the dog, his body twitched and convulsed as wave after wave of intense pleasure crashed over him. And like the dog again, his body went boneless after his orgasm passed. Patrick gazed with heavy lids at the motionless animal. A strong stench reached his nostrils and he noticed the dog had shit itself.

It was dead and there was no more fun to be had with it anymore.

Cleaning his hand with his mouth, Patrick tucked himself back in and pulled the plastic bag off the dog's head. He brought it to his nose and breathed it in before tossing it aside.

By the collar, he hefted the dog over his shoulder and departed for the junkyard.

The fridge stood centered in the middle of a clearing, surrounded by piles of mechanical corpses. Patrick swung the door open, a rotten stench overwhelming his senses. He didn't mind, though. He shoved the dog inside and gazed affectionately at his collection. It was beginning to get a bit crowded in there. He will have to empty it out soon to make room for more.

Closing the fridge with a firm shut, Patrick wondered what he was going to do now. It is Halloween night, after all. There had to be something 'fun' to do; he just hasn't created it yet.

And as if the universe bended to his will, in which it did, Patrick heard a commotion and who but his favorite play thing came running around the corner but Richie Tozier. To Patrick's amusement, the kid ran smack dab into him and fell flat on his ass. The kid's three other friends slowed down to an immediate stop when they spotted Patrick.

Patrick gazed down at the boy, his tongue swiping out to slide across his bottom lip. This was exactly what he needed right now.

When Henry and his gang appeared a second afterwards, Patrick's mood lightened.

*Finally, some entertainment.*

"Do it, Henry." Patrick encouraged, itching to see the stutterer get his face bashed in. "Teach him a lesson. He needs to be taught who runs this world."

Oh yes, Patrick could visualize it now. Bill crying on the floor, Henry punching him until he bled and oh the sweet, sweet whimpers he would make. There was no one here. No one to stop them. They were all alone.

*He can break the rules.*

Patrick looked at Richie.

They could do *whatever* they wanted...

He had to admit, he was a little disappointed when Henry didn't hurt Bill but he supposes it was worth it to see Henry explode like that. Patrick couldn't hide the shit eating grin on his face when Henry stormed off.

"Well it was nice catching up with you guys but I think we're just gonna.. go.. now.." Richie mumbled as the group of losers backed away.

"Not so fast," Patrick snarled cheerfully, snatching Richie in his hold. He ignored everyone else's alarm, even Belch and Vic's, and took out the fake fangs from his mouth. As if knowing what he was going to do, Richie shut his mouth and tried to turn his head away. Patrick took his cheek and squeezed *hard*. Richie groaned in pain and Patrick took the opportunity to shove the fangs into the boy's mouth. "Taste me motherfucker." He breathed wetly into Richie's ear, feeling the boy shudder.

"L-leave him alone." Bill said quietly with less bravado than he had before.

Patrick's eyes flickered dangerously to the stutterer. "I wonder..." He slithered his fingers through Richie's hair and yanked at it, tearing a gasp from the kid. "Whatever happened to your little brother? You think his body is rotting somewhere in the sewers?" He grinned when

he got the response he wanted. Bill tried his best to keep his face neutral, but Patrick can see his eyes becoming glossy. "I hope not. The rats down there are big and it would be a darn shame to think what happened to his corpse. Your brother always did have the cutest smile."

Skinny, well-mannered Bill, quiet Bill who has never gotten seriously mad at anyone that Patrick knew of, roared and lunged like a rabid animal infected with rabies. Patrick was ready to knock him down but the kid's friends held him back.

"Tsk, tsk." Patrick grinned gleefully. He was a tad disappointed that Bill didn't succeed in attacking him. Patrick would have liked to have hurt him. Not that he wouldn't do it anyways. "Get lost, losers. I promise you'll get your friend back safe n' sound." He yanked at Richie's roots when the boy whimpered. "*After* I'm done with him."

"Cut it out, Patrick!" Vic yelled, a tinge of fear in his voice.

Patrick snapped his head towards Vic, giving him an icy glare. His eyes flickered to Belch when the big boy took a giant step forward.

*Rules, rules, rules.* He thought bitterly. Sometimes, Patrick forgot about the rules.

"You guys are no fun." He sniffed and turned his attention back to Richie, rubbing a thumb harshly down the boy's cheek. "Lucky, lucky squirrel. You get to run home with your little nuts." He shoved his face away, making Richie stagger back. "Get the fuck out of here before I change my mind."

The losers didn't need to be told twice.

Patrick watched them run away, eyeing Richie. There goes his two cents of fun for the night. He made sure to give Vic and Belch the stink eye before he wandered off in search of Bowers.

He found the hick murdering a car tire.

All that rage emanating off the boy- Patrick could feel it from where he stood. And if he could feel it, it meant he understood it.

Patrick frowned. He didn't like the fact he could understand Henry's anger because that meant Henry was experiencing Patrick's anger. And Patrick knew, *they* aren't supposed to do that.

He won't allow another Avery.

"What the fuck do *you* want?"

Patrick blinked out of his dark thoughts and noticed Henry was scowling at him. Raising his chin. Patrick slowly approached Henry, sizing him up. It looked like the same mullet haired kid. No hint of any sign of change. *Outwardly*, that is.

How does it happen? Do they one day become real? Like a switch turning on after a long period of darkness? Or does something come along and crawl inside them, making it their home. Was it inside Henry's stomach? Or his brain.

Vic and Belch are potential witnesses. He didn't need anyone finding out he broke the rules.

But Patrick was getting ahead of himself. He first had to make sure Henry was still... Henry.

"I get angry too, sometimes. I find taking my anger out on... *things* helps a lot." He spoke lowly, analyzing Henry's face carefully, waiting to catch any sign of something *more*. "I can show you if you want. I know a place where you can use that knife on things other than tires..."

For a moment, Henry didn't say anything.

Patrick's fingers twitched when he saw in the boy's eyes a flicker of curiosity.

*Henry would put up a struggle-*

"You're sick... I need a fucking drink."

Patrick stared at Henry's retreating back, and smiled.

Henry was still *them* and Patrick was still real.

[image]

The entire car ride was spent in silence. Vic did his best to ignore the boy sitting next to him. To his dying breath, he will never understand why Henry let that freak come with them.

Again... it's not like Vic had the balls to question Henry's decisions.

"We're here." Henry said.

The car came to a stop at the edge of the woods and they all climbed out. Following Henry, they trekked through the dense trees, the sun sinking above them. Vic heard the music first before they came upon a Halloween party. It was next to the quarry, and he could see teenagers stripping naked to go skinny dipping in the water. Chairs were placed in a wide circle around a raging bonfire as youths danced around, looking like some demented cult due to the costumes they wore.

They grabbed drinks and sat by the fire. Vic took spare sips from his cups, his eyes sweeping over the pretty girls dressed in skimpy outfits. Among the crowd, he spotted Vicky who was supposed to be Little Red Riding Hood, but a far less innocent version of the fairy tale girl. His heart jumped when he thought she caught his gaze, prompting her to approach the gang. Vic licked his lips nervously, his brain racing to find something cool to say when she abruptly plopped onto Henry's lap, snaking an arm around his neck.

Vic deflated like a popped air balloon.

"Hey baby," She smirked flirtatiously, snatching Henry's cup and drinking it. "Wanna dance?"

"Get the fuck off, Vicky." Henry said plainly, taking his drink back.

She pouted, "Aw, c'mon. Just one dance... and then afterwards maybe we can go swimming. Just you and I."

Henry shoved her off. "I'm not in the fucking mood."

"You're never in the fucking mood." She hissed, fixing her hair and adjusting her skirt to salvage whatever dignity she had left. Vic's heart stopped again when she looked directly at *him*. "Are you going to take me to dance or are you just going to sit there all night?"

Vic felt his jaw drop. "Uh.. um..." He responded dumbly, glancing at his friends. Belch gave him supportive thumbs up while Henry glowered into the bottom of his empty cup. Downing the rest of his drink for courage, Vic nodded and accepted her outstretched hand. Vic was never a really good dancer, but at that moment he didn't have time to be embarrassed. He was solely focused on Vicky, enraptured by the beauty of her young body and how the fire cast a warm glow on her skin.

Her eyes locked onto his, entrancing him. Vic didn't put up any resistance when she took his hand again and lead him away from the party. Vic barely had time to fully register what the teen girl had planned before he was pinned to a tree, soft lips falling upon his.

If Vic was sober, he would have freeze-up and most likely embarrass himself due to a lack of experience. Thankfully, he wasn't sober. He blamed it on the booze that made his lips respond in such a feverish way, his hands sliding down to rest on her hips.

Vic always wondered what kissing Vicky would be like. She was one of the hottest girl in school and he never thought he would ever have a chance with her but here he was now swapping saliva with her. She tasted strongly of liquor but he didn't mind.

He groaned into her mouth when she pressed flush against him. A surge of confidence overtook Vic and he switched their positions so that she was pressed against the tree. He broke their kiss to attack her neck, pride swelling his chest when he heard her sigh.

"I wish Henry was more like you." She said casually, running her fingers through Vic's short cropped hair. "He's not super into it like he used to be."

"Henry is a fucking idiot." Vic replied boldly, creeping a hand

underneath the edge of her skirt. "You're the prettiest girl in school. He doesn't know how lucky he is to have you."

Vicky chuckled dryly, gently moving his hand from her skirt. "He doesn't *have* me. I'm not *his*. We're friends."

"You got a weird definition for friends." Vic laughed, kissing her again and sliding a hand up her skirt.

She maneuvered his hand away with a flirtatious little smile. "Okay, friends with benefits then."

"That's hot." He said dumbly, intoxicated by the alcohol in his system and the heat in his nether regions. He captured her lips again, trailing his fingers up her thigh and picking at her panties. He thought she moaned from his touch but a second later he was stumbling backwards.

"Hey, hands off bozo!" She snapped, smoothing down her skirt.

Vic frowned, "What's wrong? I thought we were having a good time."

Vicky paused and laughed in disbelief. "Are you serious? Did you really think I was going to sleep with you? In the fucking forest?"

"I don't know!" Vic's cheeks flushed red. "Why else would you take me out here?"

"To kiss. We were kissing. I thought you were cute."

"Well, can we do more than kissing?" Vic asked, moving closer to her but she stopped him with a hand to his chest.

"How easy do you think I am?" She said heatedly.

Vic shrugged impatiently, the ache in his groin overwhelming his mind. "Don't be a tease. Everyone in school knows you're, well, you know."

Something flickered in the girl's eyes. One second Vic was standing and the next he was flat on his ass, gazing up wide eyed at Vicky. "Fuck you." She spat and began to walk away.

Scrambling to his feet, Vic said to her retreating figure, "You do it with Bowers! You fuck a lot of other boys, too! Why won't you do it with me? Don't think you're so fucking special."

Vicky swiveled around, a fiery anger in her eyes. "Fuck you! You're such a fucking tool you believe anything anyone says. You wanna know the truth? The real truth? Yeah, I slept around with a few guys. *Three*. But lord have fucking mercy on my soul because being a girl with a vagina that has had more than one dick in her makes me a fucking whore!" Tears dripped down her cheeks but she didn't wipe them away. "And you wanna know something else? Your 'leader', Henry, he can't even get it up. That's why I'm his friend."

Vic was left speechless. He could only watch as she spun on her heels and storm off into the darkness. Alone now, he processed what just happened, letting his brain catch up. When it did, he took a deep breath. "Fuck." He exhaled, brushing his bangs from his forehead.

*Crunch!*

Vic could've sworn he jumped a foot in the air when he heard a twig break somewhere around him. Heart racing, his eyes darted here and there, searching blindly for whatever made that noise. Childish fears crossed his mind; a monster hiding between the trees, waiting to devour him.

He wasn't far off from the truth.

Vic was not relieved when he saw it was just Patrick.

"Girls, right?" The taller teen chuckled like they were good friends. "Fucking bitches."

"Were you out here this whole time?" Vic kept his eyes trained on the boy, wary of his presence. "Were you *watching* us?" Vic tensed when those dark eyes flashed at him dangerously. He tensed even more when the boy approached him and stood before him, motioning to Vic's crotch with his hand.

"You need help with that?"

The question caught Vic off guard. Confused, he peered down and



remembered he was hard- the fear and rejection making him temporarily forget about his little problem.

*What the hell. Was Patrick a homo?* He thought, staring cautiously at the weird teen. He had to be fucking with him- he just had to be.

Patrick appeared serious until a shit-eating grin crossed his face.

Fucker was laughing at him. Vic didn't find that funny.

"You looked so serious." Patrick giggled, "Were you actually considering it?"

"Screw you." Vic spat, stepping back to put a comfortable distance between them. All he wanted to do was get away from there, from him and go preferably where other people are. Vic hated to admit it, even to himself, but he didn't feel safe being alone with Patrick. He didn't know why but he just has this really bad feeling whenever Patrick was around. The kid rubbed him the wrong way. Always has, even in kiddie school.

Scoffing, Vic proceeded to leave to go back to the party but paused and turned around to face Patrick. Now that they were alone, he could take this opportunity to say what he has been dying to say for a long time. "You know what, stay the fuck away from Henry. I don't know what the fuck is wrong with you but he already has a shit ton to deal with and he doesn't need someone like you fucking him up more. He's not like you, so quit trying to make him do all this crazy shit." There was nothing else Vic wanted to say and he was satisfied with what he did say.

As he headed in the direction of the party, he heard Patrick say, "Remember it was Henry who wanted me to come along. I didn't ask to be here. He did."

Patrick's laughter left a sick feeling in his stomach, something mixed with disgust and anger. He grabbed another drink and sat down next to his friends. Belch raised a suggestive brow while Henry looked as if he didn't notice Vic had left in the first place.

Odd, considering Henry had a thing with Vicky. Or not...

The girl's words came back to Vic.

*"And you wanna know something else? Your 'leader', Henry, he can't even get it up. That's why I'm his friend."*

Vic examined Henry carefully, a dangerous theory forming in his mind.

Could it be...

Vic cut that train of thought off before it lead somewhere he didn't want to explore or even consider. Henry had issues- major issues and Vic knew that sometimes there was a side to Henry that was dangerous. *Deranged*.

There was a lot of things wrong with Henry. Vic didn't want to complicate things more. Girls say shit when they are made. Nonsensical bitchy shit. That was all- yes, that was all.

He raised his cup, paused, and then set it down.

Just in case, Vic thought it better keep his silly theory to himself.

Henry was Henry. No matter what.

[image]

Belch caught sight of Megan from across the clearing. She wasn't wearing a costume but he still thought was the most prettiest girl there. Their eyes happened to lock onto each other. Belch smiled hesitantly, wondering if she was still mad at him for what happened before. His heart sunk when she bowed her head and looked away.

If only Belch had a firmer control over his anger this wouldn't be happening. But it was so hard, especially when the people he was angry with usually deserved to get punched one or two times.

He stared at his curled fist. Maybe he was just a dumb brute after all.

"Henry," He said quietly, not wanting anyone to listen in on their conversation. The only response he got that told him Henry was listening was the tilt of the boy's head in his direction. Clenching and relaxing his hand, Belch said, "Do you think I'm dumb?"

Henry slowly turned his head and gave him a bewildered look. "No. Who the fuck said you were?"

"No one." Belch shrugged, sipping from his cup. "Is just, I couldn't count coins is all. Not good at math, 'member?" He tried to smile, play it off as a joke, but inside Belch felt like shit. Hopefully, Henry didn't catch on.

"You're not dumb, Belch." Henry said. "Just cos you can't count a few coins don't mean nothing." His eyes grew distant as he stared into the fire and when he spoke his voice was unnaturally melancholic. "You ain't an idiot just because you're not good at math..."

Henry appeared lost in his own thoughts so Belch didn't say anything although internally, he felt better hearing his best friend tell him that. It meant a lot, and even if Belch would never say that out loud, he hoped Henry understood how much of an impact his words meant to Belch.

So they sat in silence inside their contemplative bubbles until Vic returned. Belch raised a suggestive brow at his friend. He saw him being lead into the woods by Vicky. Belch didn't personally like her, but Vic and Henry liked her a lot. Well, he couldn't tell with Henry sometimes. Guess they're 'relationship' was casual; very casual.

Belch knew Vicky was *that* type of girl. He didn't have to guess what those two did out in the woods. So why did Vic look so unhappy?

A shrill scream broke him from his thoughts. He at first assumed it was part of the party, Halloween party, you know? But it wasn't. A girl came crashing out of the trees. It was Vicky, tears streaming down her face ruining her makeup. The girl was shaking like a leaf, her hair in disarray and the edges of her red cape torn.

Belch stood up when Megan rushed to comfort the frightened girl. Vicky was babbling nonsense while Megan brushed her hair trying to

soothe her. The party-goers including Henry, Vic and himself formed a loose circle around them, all wondering what the hell happened.

Megan took Vicky's face in her hands and said calmly in a firm tone, "Vicky, Vicky slow down. Breath. Just breath... Now, tell me what happened. Are you hurt?"

Belch saw Vicky's eyes dart around until it landed on something that made her scream again. "Him!" She pointed, "That freak tried to attack me!"

All eyes turned to one person. Belch's gut broiled in anger when Patrick smiled easily.

"No offense, but you're not my type." Patrick snarked, "I don't do sluts."

"Shut up." Henry barked and addressed Vicky. "Is this true?"

"True?" Vicky echoed with a sneer, "You think I'm lying? Why the fuck would I lie about this?"

"You *are* drunk Victoria," Steff chuckled in a condescending manner.

Vicky glared daggers at him, looking like she wanted to dig her nails into his eyeballs, "What the fuck does that have to do with anything?"

"Shut up, Steff." Megan snapped, "Look everyone just calm down-"

"He tried to rape me!" Vicky screeched.

"If it's attention you want can you try to be a little more original." Patrick sneered. "And *if* it was me, what proof do you have? Can anyone else prove you are telling the truth?"

Vicky opened and closed her mouth, looking around the group. Belch averted his eyes when she looked at him. "Henry." She begged, a desperate look in her eyes. The leader of the Bower's gang stayed quiet.

"What is wrong with you people? She doesn't have to prove anything." Megan declared, holding Vicky's hand and giving them all

disgusted looks.

"So you expect us to believe the word of a whore?" Patrick laughed dryly, gesturing to the crowd. "I mean, come on. We all know Vicky. We all know what she's like. Right, Steff? Vic?... Henry?"

Belch didn't like the way Patrick smirked at Henry.

"You're a fucking bastard!" Vicky spat. Megan had to hold the furious girl back from doing something reckless.

"What about you, Reggie?" He heard Megan say. "Do you agree with him?"

Belch, who had his eyes trained on the ground, blinked and looked up to lock eyes with her.

He gulped under the stares of so many people directed at him. They were all waiting for him to answer. Helpless, Belch looked to his friends for help but they just stared at him in silence.

What should he say? Which answer was the right one? He didn't want to be wrong and hell, he wasn't even part of this. Why did she have to drag him into this?

"I- I don't know..." Belch said finally. The second those words left his lips, he knew he said something wrong because Megan looked at him with such disappointment in her eyes that made him cast his eyes down in shame, his stomach twisting uncomfortably.

*Why can't he ever do something right?*

"Why don't you sit down Vicky. You're obviously hysterical and your ruining the party, babe." Steff said, trying to guide the girl to a chair but she ripped her arm free.

"Henry, do something!" She yelled.

"What the fuck do you want me to do?" Henry scoffed. "Just go sit down."

There was a certain level of hatred that girl's can send your way.

Belch didn't know how, but girls had a way of stripping you bare naked and making you feel like the shittiest piece of shit to come out of your anal cavity with just one look. Vicky was giving that *exact* look at Henry, except ten times worse.

"You're a *fucking* coward, Henry Bowers."

Belch flinched. If there was one thing he knew Henry hated more than anything, more than the losers at school, it was being called a coward.

"What did you just say?" Henry spoke lowly.

Vicky raised her chin. "I said you're a fucking coward. In more ways than one."

Belch didn't know what she meant by that, but it set Henry off. Their leader stormed towards the two girls, his face twisting with fury. Belch never moved so fast in his life, especially since Megan put herself in front of Vicky.

Henry was strong, but Belch was stronger. He still had a hard time keeping Henry in his hold, though. "Henry, stop!" He gritted between clenched teeth, squeezing tighter when his friend resisted him. Belch knew Henry would never be violent towards a girl, but his friend had an unchecked temper and it sometimes got the better of him. It was usually Belch and Vic's unofficial job to make sure Henry didn't do anything that he'll regret later on. This was one of them.

"Calm down, Henry." Belch said into his friend's ear.

"Wow, beating up girls now, Henry?" Steff said, swirling his drink. "That's low, even for you... but I guess it runs in the family, doesn't it? What's that saying? Like father, like son?"

Henry went still in Belch's hold as Steff laughed in his stupid snobbish way.

"Belch," Henry said, eerily calm, "Let me go."

Belch didn't need convincing. "Sure thing boss." He replied, dropping his arms with no regret. Steff had this coming a long time ago and

honestly, it was long over due. He didn't even feel bad when Henry marched to Steff and fisted the hem of his shirt, ripping that snobby confidence from the rich kid.

"You can't do shit, Bowers." Steff said loudly, but the fear in his voice betrayed him. "My father's an important figure in Derry. He'll have you and your daddy's asses if you so much as touch me!"

Henry pulled Steff closer so their faces were inches apart. "I don't give a shit." He growled and decked him across his pretty face. Of course, none of the teenagers thought to stop the fight. In fact, someone shouted, "FIGHT!" and they all came rushing to cheer on Henry who was wailing on the rich boy.

Megan was the only one yelling at them to stop but her voice was drowned out by the crowd. Belch felt bad about that but there was nothing he could do. And it wasn't like Steff didn't deserve it...

All of a sudden, kids began running away, darting left and right, disappearing into the forest. Belch didn't know what was happening until he heard several of them screaming, "COPS!"

"Oh shit." He heard Vic mutter.

Oh shit was right. They had to blow this joint, and fast.

In the chaos, Vicky and Megan ran past him "Megan, wait!" He said, snatching her wrist. Megan's head snapped towards him and Belch felt his mouth go dry. "I... I'm sorry." He managed to get out.

"Megan, *let's go*." Vicky hissed, tugging at the girl's hand.

Megan opened her mouth and closed it. "I'll see you at work, Belch." She said quietly and removing her wrist from his grip. Belch slackened his fingers, letting her go. He watched her flee, a hole growing in his chest.

She called him Belch.

And that hurt more than anything.

"Belch, we gotta get out of here!" Vic said urgently, shaking his

shoulder. "Let's get Henry and go!"

Slowly, Belch nodded his head, shoving Megan to the back of his mind. They found Henry rolling in the dirt with Steff still fighting. Belch was going to break them up but before he could, someone else got to them first.

Belch's stomach dropped.

It was none other than Butch Bowers and in other words:

They were screwed.

[image]

Vicky's words bounced around his skull, feeding the fire in his chest. Every punch he landed on the stupid fuck was satisfying. Henry avoided stirring trouble with the richer kids in Derry because of his dad, but god damn did it felt good letting out his anger on Steff.

Blinded with rage, Henry didn't notice a man approaching them until he was wrenched away by the nape of his shirt. Henry responded like a wild animal, directing his hatred on the person who dared touch him. The second he registered that it was his father, the fire in Henry blew out.

"Dad." He greeted hesitantly, slouching his shoulders and ducking his head.

"I'll deal with you later." Butch said gravely and turned to help pick up Steff from the ground. "Come on, get up."

"Oh god, thank you so much Mr. Bowers." Steff said, wiping blood from his face. "Your son, your son has gone out of the line! I was doing nothing and all of a sudden he attacked me! Do you see what he's done to my face? How will I go into school tomorrow looking like this? I swear if you hadn't shown up when you did, we would be looking at major medical bills. My father wouldn't be too happy-"



"Can it." Butch growled, "I didn't come for you. I got a report from a concerned parent about some teenage party at the quarry. They were concerned about underage drinking and illegal recreations drug use." He paused and looked around, taking in the empty beer bottles scattered everywhere. "Guess they were right."

"Well that's swell and all but what about my face? Your son is out of control and I think my father would like to know that one of Derry's fine police force can't keep his own son in line. I swear, he won't stand for this!"

"You're right." Butch agreed. He then stepped forward, invading Steff's personal space. "And if we're going down that track, I guess your dad also needs to know I found his son with a bag of coke in his pocket."

Steff stepped back. "W-what? No I don't."

"Are you sure about that?" Butch asked innocently, pulling out a baggie filled with white powder inside. "Because I'm pretty sure I have hard evidence right here, in my hand, proving you were carrying illegal drugs. Think boy, this is some pretty serious charges. Might even go on your record."

Steff glowered at the officer, "Nice try. My dad can pay for that not to happen."

"I'm sure he can. But what about your family's reputation? Can't pay for that to disappear. But, oh well." Butch shrugged and pulled out his handcuffs.

Steff raised his hands backing away. "Hey, hey! What are you doing?!"

"I'm taking you in for underage drinking and the possession of illegal drugs found on your person. Hope you don't mind, it's a bit crowded tonight; Halloween and all. Got all them freaks and queers in one cell."

"Ok, ok! Just hold on for a second!" Steff stammered, his face going stark pale. "I-I won't say anything. I swear!"

Butch put away the handcuffs. "Good, good. And I'll just keep these-" He wagged the baggie. "-for evidence. Now get the fuck out of here."

Steff didn't need to be told twice. He sent a sharp glare at Henry and ran away.

Funny. Henry wished he'd stay longer because now his father can turn his attention on his son. Henry tensed when Butch let out a deep sigh. "Dad, I didn-"

"Quiet!" His father barked, silencing Henry immediately. "What did I tell you? WHAT DID I TELL YOU."

Henry flinched, "I-I'm sorr-"

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?" Butch growled and turned around, his back facing Henry. When he spoke, he spoke low and calm, a contrast to how tense his broad shoulders were. "I thought I told you to stay out of trouble, boy."

Henry didn't respond. He knew better this time.

"And yet you disobeyed me." Butch sighed deeply again.

One second, Henry was standing and the next, he felt a sharp pain explode on the left side of his cheek making stars burst in his vision. A loud ringing enveloped his hearing and his brain felt fuzzy and weird. He blinked a few times and it took him a moment to realize he was on the ground, the left side of his face throbbing something mean. When he swallowed, he tasted bitter iron.

Henry caught a flash of movement, saw the bottom of a shoe descending upon his face- He instinctively covered his head with his arms and curled his legs, preparing for the pain... but it never came. Cautiously, he peeked between the cracks of his fingers to see his father's face sneering down at him in disgust.

"I should take you and your friends in." He said.

Blinking, Henry turned his head and saw Belch and Vic. He was surprised they were still here. He thought they made a run for it; left him for the dogs to save their own hides. In the back of his mind, he

took note that Patrick was nowhere to be seen. Maybe that was for the better, though. He didn't want anyone else seeing him like this. Hell, his face burned with shame and embarrassment that his *friends* were seeing him like this.

"But I don't feel like doing the paperwork." His old man sniffed, adjusted the belt around his pants. He then stared hard at Henry, making the boy feel smaller under his gaze. "Don't waste my time again, you hear."

Henry didn't- no- *couldn't* respond. He was too scared he would receive another lashing if he did. Henry stayed on the floor, even when his dad walked away, even when he can no longer hear his footsteps, he stayed on the floor.

"Henry... are you alright?" He heard Vic say, then felt a hand on his arm.

"Don't!- Touch. Me."

The hand disappeared. "Alright! Sorry, I'm sorry."

Slowly, like a baby learning out to walk for the first time, Henry unfroze his limbs and gingerly got to his feet. He gently touched his cheek and flinched. Shit. That was going to leave a major bruise. Now he had to think of something to tell the teachers at school tomorrow. Fucking great. So not only does his dad beat him but the after effects of said beating was a huge fucking inconvenience.

Fucking prick.

"Crooked cops in Derry? Can't say I'm surprised."

It was Patrick. Henry was wrong; he never left. He was probably hiding behind a tree or something. How much did he see? All of it, most likely. If he did, the taller teen didn't mention it.

"You're still here?" Vic said non too friendly. Henry raised a hand to silence him.

"You remember what you said to me back at the junkyard?"

Patrick raised a brow.

Locking eyes with the taller teen, Henry said, "I want to go there now. To the place."

Henry hated how amused Patrick looked.

"Perfect."

It was late into the night when they arrived at the place Patrick told Henry about.

"Turn the car off." Patrick ordered. "Put on your masks. We're walking from here."

"Where are we?" Vic whispered as they trekked down a dirt path.

"Hanlon's farm." Henry answered when he caught sight of a familiar barn in the distance. Why did Patrick bring them here? Henry hated these... *people* and if they weren't here to trash their property, Henry would very much prefer not to be here.

They reached the barn. Henry could hear the sounds of animals inside.

"After you." Patrick smirked, holding the door open for him. Henry didn't bother to deign him with a response. It was dark inside; he could barely make out the shapes of the barn animals inside. When his eyes adjusted, he realized the animals were all sheep.

"What are we doing in here, Patrick." Vic asked, a tinge of nervousness in his voice.

"Would you shut up?" Patrick closed the door quietly and walked around the pens, like he was looking for something.

"I don't like this guys. We should go."

Henry frowned, ignoring Vic. "What are you looking for?"

"You'll see." Was Patrick's vague response. "Ah, found you. Come here, pretty." The tall teen swung his leg over the metal fence and entered one of the pens.

"Henry, let's go. This is weird." Belch said in the dark.

"Will you two quit it." Henry whispered harshly, annoyed with how much of a bunch of pansies those two are acting like.

"Got it." Patrick said when he returned with something small tucked into the crook of his arm. "Let's go."

The moment they exited the barn, a bright light shone on them and a man's angry voice hollered, "I told ya if you ever come back to my barn'll shoot yer damn head off!"

"Run!" Patrick yelled and they took off into the safety of the darkness. A loud gunshot rang through the air.

*Holy fuck! The crazy fuck was shooting at them!*

Henry ran faster, ducking every time another shot was fired. He didn't stop when he reached the car and practically dove inside, followed closely behind Patrick and the others. The car kicked up dirt as they booked it out of there, screaming obscenities into the air, blood rushing and filled with adrenaline after their close brush with death.

"Oh my god! Oh my fucking god that was crazy!" Vic yelled, jumping in his seat. "Did you see that? He had a gun! He was shooting at us!"

"Holy shit." Belch muttered under his breath, taking off the mask and wiping sweat from his face.

Henry ripped his mask off and stuck his head outside the car window, gulping cool fresh air. He was still shaking when he settled back in his seat. He hated the sound of gunshots. When he was little, his old man used to like to shoot around his feet. He thought it was funny watching Henry jump.

Refocusing himself, Henry peered around the seat to see what in the world they got that was worth getting shot at.

"You're a cute one. I think I'll call you Avery." Patrick cooed, holding up a tiny lamb. It baaed, making Patrick grin wider.

Anger rushed through Henry's veins. "Are you serious? We almost got fucking shot because you wanted a fucking *sheep*?"

Patrick clicked his tongue, "Hey, don't be mad at me. Remember, you were the one who wanted to come here."

"Yeah! Because you said-" Henry shut his mouth, eyes flickering at Vic and Belch. "You know what I'm talking about."

"I know." Patrick smiled, petting the lamb.

Henry felt his stomach drop. "You can't be serious."

"Hey, don't chicken out on me now. You said you wanted this."

"Wanted what? Henry, what is he talking about." Vic said, looking between the two of them.

"Nothing." Henry said sharply and settled back in his seat.

The entire car ride was spent in unsettling silence with the only sounds being of the lamb and Patrick's sickening sweet voice. Henry never dreaded anything more than getting out of the car and making the trek to the junkyard. Patrick walked ahead of them while Henry hung back, reluctant to make it to the junkyard.

"Come on, little Avery. You and I are going to have some fun." He heard Patrick murmur and how can someone sound so cheerful when Henry knew whatever Patrick had in store for the animal was not good.

Henry was lost in his own thoughts that he didn't realize they were already in the junkyard and Patrick had stopped in his tracks. Slowly, he turned around and looked at Henry expectantly. Was he waiting for him to make the first move?

"What's wrong, Bowers?" Patrick said in a sickeningly mocking tone. He pressed the lamb against his cheek. "I thought you wanted to stab some things."

Belch took a step back, his head snapping towards Henry. "Henry-

"Shut up!" Henry shouted, and stiffly walked forward.

"Henry, man this is fucked up. Let's get out of here." Vic piped up.

A rage he couldn't quite place where it came from, or who it was supposed to be directed at, overwhelmed Henry. He turned around sharply, facing his friends, fear evident on their faces. "You both are a bunch of fucking pussies, you know that?" He spat at them even though he himself, deep down, felt afraid too. A flare of annoyance sparked in Henry when he heard Patrick laughing behind him.

*The fucker thought it funny.*

"Fuck you!" Vic yelled at the tall teen and turned back to Henry, a pleading look on his face. "Dude, let's just go. This is weird."

"Then go if you fucking want. Leave already."

"No." Vic said sternly, catching Henry by surprise. "We should all go. You too, Henry." He gestured to Patrick. "This ain't you. This is *wrong*. It's fucking sick!"

"Someone grew a pair." Patrick commented offhandedly.

Vic glared sharply at him. "Yeah well at least I don't have to creep on girls to get any."

Instead of being mad, Patrick just giggled. "Not a problem for me. I like it that way."

They all quieted down when Belch moved. The large kid hadn't said anything for a while and Henry was curious to know what he was going to do. He walked up to Patrick and without a word popped one in his face, sending him sprawling onto the ground, the lamb skittering free. As if nothing happened, Belch casually turned on his heels and walked away, past Henry and past Vic. He was heading back to his car.

Belch has had enough for the night.

Vic glanced back and said to Henry, "We're leaving. With or without you."

Maybe it was pride or maybe it was something else Henry didn't want to admit but he just stared at Vic.

His friend waited and when it was obvious Henry was going nowhere, he sighed. "See you tomorrow, Henry." And left.

In his mind, he privately thought maybe he should have gone with Vic. But it was too late for that now.

Henry didn't bother to help Patrick up. He got what he deserved, let him wallow in it for a while longer.

"Fuck, he punches hard." The lanky teen chortled, wiping blood from his nose.

*Not as hard as my dad.* Henry thought absentmindedly. "Are we gonna do this or not?" Henry said gruffly, crossing his arms over his chest and looking around.

Patrick swept his hair from his face and gave him a side grin. "Scared?"

"I wouldn't be standing here if I were. Hurry the fuck up. Let's get this over with."

"Temper, temper." Patrick chastised. "No need to rush. We got all night."

The way Patrick said it- it made Henry feel sick to his stomach and suddenly he wasn't so sure of anything anymore. What was he doing here? What the hell was he trying to prove?

Patrick disappeared and came back with the lamb. "Go ahead, Henry. He's all yours."

Licking his lips nervously, Henry equipped the pocket knife and flipped it open. As if the lamb could sense the imminent danger it was in, it twitched violently, kicking its small hind legs. It did nothing helpful in escaping but Henry's heart lurched at the sight.



The animal couldn't even run away. It was helpless.

"Whoa!" Patrick gasped, "Wouldn't want him running away before the fun begins." And like it was nothing, he grabbed one of the lamb's hind legs and pulled until there was a loud *pop!*

Henry couldn't look but there was nothing he could do to prevent from hearing it. He's never heard an animal make that kind of noise. He could hear the pain and panic and it stabbed at his heart.

The imaginary whimpers of a dog echoed in his mind. Henry never stuck around to see what exactly happened to the dog. He didn't have to. His mind didn't let him sleep.

"What a cry baby." Patrick chuckled, no hint of worry or remorse in his voice.

It was then Henry realized- Patrick didn't *care*. He didn't care he was causing so much pain to an animal. To another living being. How can someone be so cold? So utterly heartless.

It was only for a second- a second when the lamb and Henry made eye contact but it was enough to paralyze him because Henry saw he himself reflected in those wide terrified eyes.

Henry looked at his hands. They weren't his. They were his father's.

Who was he becoming?

*Who am I?*

[image]

Patrick could sense Henry's resistance. Could see it in the boy's eyes. "What are you waiting for?" He said, peering at Henry, cocking his head. "Don't tell me you're chickening out on me."

"I'm not!" Henry dragged his fingers through his hair as he paced

back and forth. "Just, shut up! Let me think."

Patrick threw his head back and laughed.

THINK. Let him THINK.

That's cute. Henry's acting like he can think. Like there's something more than emptiness behind those glassy, fake eyes. But in all honesty, Patrick was starting to get annoyed. He didn't understand what Henry's problem was. Why was the mullet wearing boy acting like a little bitch?

"*Think?*" He said incredulously. "You don't have to think. Just do it."

"I can't!" Henry exploded, eyes wild and glossy.

Patrick chuckled, "What's wrong? I don't understand. It's not hard. Just put the pointy end into the the fleshy parts." Patrick felt like a parent explaining sex to their child.

"You're fucking crazy." Henry muttered, rubbing his face.

"That is, *subjective*." Patrick couldn't hide the anger laced in his tone, opening and closing his hands. "*I am objective.*"

Henry was starting to become no fun and Patrick was starting to get bored.

"Henry, Henry, Henry..." Patrick smiled with his teeth. "What is... your fuCKING PROBLEM?" In a burst of white hot rage, he chucked the lamb away, morbidly satisfied to hear its pathetic yelp. He laughed shakily, digging his nails into the side of his head. "I don't- I don't *get it*." He said rather calmly despite the energy bouncing around his body. "They're not- *real*. It doesn't fucking matter. NONE of this fucking matters!" He stormed over to Henry, ignoring the way the boy stepped back with his hands raised. Patrick snatched his shoulders and squeezed. "Break the rules with me, Henry."

Henry stared at him like he had grown a third head. "W-what fucking rules?"

"The RULES, Henry!" Patrick shook him violently, "The FUCKING

RULES!"

"Get the fuck off of me!" Patrick stumbled back when Henry shoved him away.

*Wrong, wrong, wrong!* Keep it together, Patrick. Remember-REMEMBER, this is not real. Henry is not real...

Better?

Good.

Now let's have some fucking fun.

Grinning, Patrick slipped out a can of hairspray from his jean butt pocket and with a lighter in his other hand, went to the struggling lamb and without a second thought, set it on fire.

He stood back and smiled, soaking in the ungodly screams filling the night air. It's pain and fear, the chaos of its death, sated Patrick's homicidal hunger. Offhandedly, Patrick thought the fire never looked so beautiful.

Out of nowhere, Henry rushed to the lamb and proceeded to continuously stomp on its head. Patrick had to bite back a moan. He felt himself growing hard just watching him brutally end the animal's life.

When it was over and the lamb went silent, Henry staggered back, held his head and let out a ragged scream. His body convulsed as began to sob.

Amused, Patrick went to stand beside him. "Stop being such a faggot." He said, and kissed him.

There was no spark or blossoming of feelings. In fact, Patrick felt nothing at all.

He *did*, though, felt pain after Henry punched him. He didn't mind. It was a good kind of pain.

As they sit by the fire, Patrick looks at Henry and thinks:

Subjectivity. Objectivity. Who gives a fuck.

The rules were broken. Patrick found the cheat codes to the game.

Henry was his philosophical epiphany all along. And to think he was going to kill him...

Patrick chuckled.

Oh, how grand it is to be himself and nobody else.

[image]

There were voices screaming inside Henry's head. They were coming from the lamb.

It was screaming at him. Telling him how much pain it was in and how it was all Henry's fault and *why won't he just kill it and end its suffering and **kill them and kill them and kill them all-***

Henry would like to think he killed the lamb to put it out of its misery but the truth was, he just wanted it to shut up.

He didn't stop stomping its head until the thing stopped screaming and its body went eerily still.

Weird. He felt numb. And when Patrick kissed him, Henry's body responded by punching the boy but Henry himself felt oddly disconnected. Like he knew and understood a boy just kissed him but he felt too numb, too spaced out to truly process what had happened.

When he sat down, he gazed emptily at the burning animal.

Sometime later, he didn't know how long, Patrick said something, stood up, and picked up the charred remains of the corpse. In a daze, he was lead by Patrick deeper into the junkyard. They came upon a fridge and when Patrick opened it, he spotted the decaying corpses of different animals inside.

"Pretty cool, huh." Patrick said with a smile.

Henry didn't reply.

They watch the sunrise together on top a pile of rusty cars. Lost in his thoughts, Henry goes over the events of what happened last night and realizes they are not good boys.

They're not even good people.

He feels angry and ashamed of the truth, but mostly a large part of him didn't give a fuck anymore.

As the sun rose over Derry, it was a signal that Halloween has ended and all the monsters can return to the darkness.

But Henry was still here. And sometimes-

Monsters don't disappear.